

THE GATEWAY

VOL. XII., No. 2

Edmonton, Alberta, Thursday, October 20, 1921.

Page 1

H. J. MACDONALD CAPTAINS TEAM

**Track Teams Chosen Monday
When Trials Bring Out
Many New Men**

BETTER CONDITION

**Longer Period of Training Gets
Team into Better
Shape for Meet**

Under the captainship of Hugh John MacDonald, 'Varsity will be represented by a team of no mean calibre in the big track meet tomorrow.

As Jack Buchanan has been heard to say over and over again, "it's condition that does it," has been proved only too true, for this year with two weeks more training than last fall, the prospects of lodging the Cairns Cup in Alberta's Halls for this year are much brighter.

Our old reliable "Hugh John" will enter in the 100, 220, javelin, shot put, and broad jump. The members of the team are:

Harold Ferguson—440, 1-2 mile, and mile. One of last year's team, and can be depended upon for a point or two.

(Continued on Page 8)

VARSLITY LOSES TO BRONK SQUAD

**In a Scheduled Rugby Fixture
Varsity Goes Down to Defeat
but Puts Up Game Finish**

DUST AND FUMBLES

Baker's Absence a Serious Handicap in the Backfield, but a Brand of Brilliant Play Gives Crowd a Thrill

After losing the toss and thereby getting away to a demoralizing start facing a strong wind and sun on a dusty field, the Varsity team were outplayed for the first three quarters of the game in Calgary last Saturday against the Bronks.

During this period the greatest weakness was in the back field. Costly fumbles and weak punting made the loss of Baker very evident.

In the last quarter Varsity displayed the spirit that is characteristic of good sportsmanship. They made a strong come-back which not made a strong come-back which not real contest, but showed a gamesness which won the support of the sidelines, by a brilliancy of fast play which netted a score of 16 points.

McAllister played his usual heady game and appeared to be the only one who could make any impression on the yard sticks during the early part of the game. Later when Varsity found their stride the Calgary line looked like a sieve and Lamb seemed to be made to fit the holes, for he tore through for many gains

(Continued on Page 5)

WELCOME

"If You Do It At Home Do It Here"

'TOBA ATHLETES IN GOOD FORM

**Last Year's Trophy Winners Will
Again Appear to Defend the
Cairns' Cup Cham-
pionship.**

VAN VLIET CAPTAIN

**Keen Rivalry With the Prospect
of Shattered Records Will
Mark Alberta's First Inter-
Varsity Track Meet.**

Reports from Winnipeg indicate that the University of Manitoba is again confident of taking home the Cairns Cup. Although there are only three of last year's team coming to Edmonton, it appears that Manitoba has gathered a fast aggregation of sprinters and jumpers to defend the championship title.

Lyman Van Vliet, individual champion of last year's meet, is captaining the team and will compete in the hurdles, broad jump, and, if necessary, the sprints and high jump.

Another member of last year's team is D. J. MacLean who will throw the weights and discuss for the old Brown and Gold.

"Mac" Long, mile champion of Manitoba and a good half-miler, is the only other man on the team who took part in the Inter-University meet last year at Saskatchewan.

The new men on the team are Clive Nielson, high jump, javelin, hurdles and weight events. Individual track and field champion of Manitoba.

Jack Murray—half and mile. Second only to Long. Trained with Winnipeg Canoe Club and Track Team all summer.

Cliff Brock—holds the championship in Manitoba for the pole vault. Manager of the team.

Wm. Rosen—100 yds., 220 yds. and broad jump. Cleaned up in events at Inter-faculty meet.

Val Schweitzer—an old timer in University sport, is springing a come back and will travel in the 100, 220 and 440 yds.

David McGill—3 miler and 440. A dark horse who equalled the record for the 440 in Manitoba this fall.

A line-up like this is going to make Alberta step some; we're not making any assertions but if you want to see some of the fastest races ever run on the Varsity track, don't miss Friday's meet.

Well, Boys, what can we do for you? Yes, we'll see that you get a rest after your long trip. Why, certainly, the girls are impatiently waiting to see you. Well—here we are—Manitoba and Saskatchewan: meet Alberta. The House Committee will look after your comfort. The Med Club will show you over the new Medical Building, and the Labs. That Grail, of Cinder Track Knights, is safe; and we see that it is nearly tall enough, and certainly fine enough to be Atlanta's or Hippomenes symbols of victory.

After the track meet, Friday morning and afternoon, there will be a banquet for the teams and officials, at seven o'clock in the rotunda of Athabasca Hall. The Cairns cup will there be presented to the winning team.

After the banquet, from eight-thirty until eleven-thirty, there will be an informal dance in the Gym. Although it is foot-work, you will forget the work just as soon as the University Orchestra begins to play. Indeed, our orchestra develops new five-yard dash men, and occasionally a hop-skip and jump artist. Yes, you'll be there.

After the dance the Women's House Committee will entertain you by serving refreshments in Pembina Hall.

SASKATCHEWAN UNHEARD FROM

**Personnel of Saskatchewan Team
Remains Mystery Until
Morrow**

Up to the time of going to press Saskatchewan's Track Team has remained a dark horse. No word has been received just who will compose their team. Dunbar, who cleaned up in the shot put and high jump at last year's meet, is not with them this year, so unless they have found another champion or two they will not present a very formidable team at the meet tomorrow. However, you never can tell, so we shall make no surmises as to what Saskatchewan will trot forth on the morrow. Our only hope is that they will make Manitoba step some to retain the Cairns Cup, which has its origin in the home town of the Saskatchewan team.

Last year Saskatchewan and Alberta were fairly evenly matched as far as points were concerned, the former, however, gaining theirs in the field events, while we won the majority of ours in the runs.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Inter-Year Dramatic Competition will take place early in December this year. The Senior Year, at their meeting on Friday, October 14, 1921, at eight o'clock, elected the following committee for the year play: Miss T. McQueen, Miss McLellan and Mr. Adam.

The first meeting is called for on Wednesday, October 19, 1921.

CHARLES MADILL KILLED ON SHOOT

Gun Explodes Accidentally, Killing Popular Young Student and Sportsman.

The death of Charles Wesley Madill last Saturday afternoon, through the accidental discharge of his gun, comes as a distinct shock to his many friends on the campus.

Shortly after lunch on Saturday Madill and a friend, Karan went out shooting partridges about 12 miles west of Edmonton. Upon arriving at the hunting grounds, they separated. Karan came in at night and upon phoning the city found that Madill had not returned.

A search party was at once organized and he was found about 1 a.m. Sunday, beside a log in a small ravine. He had evidently slipped in crossing a log, the hammer of the gun striking another log, causing the discharge.

The deceased was 25 years old. His parents reside in the city. Previous to enrolling at the University in Arts and Agriculture, he attended the Stratheona High School and the Camrose Normal School.

Charlie was well liked both in the class-room and on the athletic field. He was a soccer enthusiast and played on the Arts team, where he will be keenly missed.

The funeral was held from the home of his parents, 10624 74th Avenue, at 3 p.m. last Tuesday, where a large crowd assembled to pay their last respects to one they esteemed so highly. Interment was made in the Mount Pleasant cemetery.

GREETINGS FROM

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MEDICAL COLUMN

Art Student—Who are those girls in the Law lectures?

Med. Student—They are studying to be Bar maids.

As we also ran, let us congratulate the Editor of the rest of the paper on the showing it made and the promise it certainly gave of a good year ahead. Far be it from us to criticise the proof readers, but in future we intend to make application for our own.

Even yet we are not sufficiently acquainted with our new home, the Medical Building, to tell you anything about it. Invariably we are late for lectures because we took the stairs up or down instead of the corridor straight ahead. The cupola at the top looks as if it would give a wonderful view of the rest of the province, but lately we have been too busy locating lecture rooms and the proper lecturers, to look for the way up to it. When we find that stairway, we'll tell all about it.

Dr. Revell complains that the hour bells ring so loudly and long that one has to stop lecturing when they perform. Comment from zealous anatomy student: "That's what they ring for."

An interesting episode of the grid-iron has just come to hand and is really too good to keep:

At practise "Son" Dier, with cap over eyes, "tangled" with a behelmed individual who treated him none too gently, so Son "poked" him and was in turn "poked" back. Imagine the surprise of each when it turned out to be Jack Fife.

At last the session is on, initiation is over and our eyes are no longer offended by unmated stockings, nor our respect for the clergy shaken by so many reversed collars. Simultaneously with these developments comes into being the University Hospital which unfortunately is frequently needed, so frequently in fact that a permanent nurse has been installed. We regret the fact that the Eskimo-Varsity game in more ways than the score, as "Bill" Baker has occupied a bed in the hospital since the game. His knee was badly bent. Since the nurse arrived we envy Bill.

Hospitals hitherto have been of interest to medical students alone. Why does the new chairman of the House Committee suddenly decide that two weeks contusion of the hand needs attention. Perhaps he is interested in the hospital? Nor is it surprising for Bill to have a lot of visitors for Bill is a popular young man. But the boys weren't nearly as much interested in his health and welfare when he lay ill unto death in his own room.

Not to be overlooked is the attendance of the rugby captain who could get along seeing Baker only once or twice a day, but he must confer with the coach quite often and that is the best place to confer with said coach.

In fact, the procession of 'friends' is interesting. He, whose generous figure adorns the Faculty of Pharmacy lectures, is not aloof from the epidemic and his face is far from strange in that vicinity. Last, but not least, our Maxie is a wonder. He seems to get there oftener than any one else. So we find our medical full-back with no lack of visitors; rather, the reverse.

Truly, "visit the sick" is a Divine

command, but we never saw it obeyed to such an extent. I wonder...

Today I went to sleep during lectures. This refuge of the weary student has so far this year been denied me. In years gone by, diligent search of the various class rooms has always revealed at least one comfortable chair, sweetly sequestered from the lecturer's ken. This year the new theatres reveal a shining series of hardwood steps. A comfortable chair? There are no chairs!

The lower steps are low and hard, the upper steps are high and hard. I have perched on the low hard steps and hitched and groaned on the high hard steps. I have wriggled back against the step behind, while my back protested; when I hunched to the front my gluteal muscles would repel with my feet stuck out in the former position whilst my knees would stick up in the latter.

But today, I found a nice soft board. No use to ask me where it is. That board is my own. I snuggled softly into it and hereafter I can take lectures in peace.

Apropos of the lecture theatres it would be well if the students coming late to a lecture in the theatre would enter by the upstairs doors and not disturb both lecturer and students by the noise consequent upon entering the lower doors. A word to the wise.

A student who last year was thought to be taking Arts for Fun was heard to remark not long ago that he was not going to waste another year around here. Bravo!

The ambition of Medical Students—a cattle train to Montreal.

We have always been under the impression that only Three Star was kept in hospitals. We feel, since visiting ours, that it is Johnny Walker.

JUST A FEW WORDS

Those who are responsible for the publishing of this little paper would like all the present contributors and the contributors to be to read these few lines. They are not to be taken as criticism, rather, take them as our desire to help you to prepare copy in the right manner; which, in turn will help us to keep in good terms with the gentlemen who print our rag.

Paper on which to write copy, can be obtained from the news-editor of the Gateway office. This paper is cut to fit the linotype keyboard, and is free for the asking.

Write on one side of paper only. Paper has gone down in price a little and we feel we can afford to dispense with the odd side.

Do not write so that only you yourself can read it. Remember there are only a few mind-readers in the world. Linotype operators sometimes make a pretty good guess at what you tried to write. When they don't guess right—it's awful.

Punctuation. This helps a little. Throw a few commas, semi-colons and periods around. They give the man that's reading a legitimate place to take on wind.

Number your sheets. Your story won't then go in the paper backwards and prove to the reader that he had one too many the night before.

Above all, send in your stories. We'll tell you if they are not fit to publish; in fact, if they're that bad we won't publish them.

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UNIVERSITY SERVICE

What is Christianity? This question was very well answered by Rev. F. W. Patterson, of Winnipeg, in a splendid address delivered to a large congregation in Convocation Hall last Sunday morning.

Religion, the speaker went on to point out, is a matter of deep concern to all. Christianity has a great many phases and the mistaking of one of these for religion itself has created a great deal of confusion as to what Christianity really means.

Intellectually it may be considered as a system of thought. Our feelings play a very important part into it also but these are not all. As a result of the teaching of Jesus, has sprung up the humanitarian view, but this is merely an outcome—not the whole. All religions are greatly aided by appropriate forms but the spirit is the real thing that grips mankind.

No better summary could be made than that of the speaker, when he said: "True religion consists in the right relationship with God and our fellow-men."

PYJAMA PARADE HOLDS JASPER

Nighties Weak, Nighties Strong,
Nighties Short and Nighties Long,
Gathered in a Motley Throng on Jasper.

On the 12th of October, in the year of our Lord, 1921, the event occurred. For days strange rumors had been floating around the town and to give them weight, strange individuals had been seen from time to time, bearing a secret badge upon their backs. As the afternoon of the fatal 12th drew on, the Spectator, tired of his search of Diogenes, had turned his attention to the privileged sex. Like a flock of butterflies, they flocked hither and thither in search of nectar, shall we say—well, perhaps, but—more likely ice cream soda.

With a sigh of resignation he turned him to his work and plying his task with much vehemence was soon asleep. Suddenly on his ear broke the sound of angel voices, rising and falling in the swelling notes of the doxology, "Freshies", rose like an anthem, rich and strong. With a bound he reached his door and with a beating heart beheld a line of "snow white" figures moving slowly up Ninth street.

The Klu-Klux Klan were here at last. At their head a banner gave its folds to the breeze and with straining eyes the spectator sought the mystic "K.K.K." With a sigh of relief, he read "University of Alberta Annual Initiations". But, Shade of the Immortal Henna, their heads! The first division passed singing the Undergraduate National Anthem, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." Two wagons moved slowly on, drawn by the humble "Frosh", bearing the wildest of the tribe, the outlaw in a cage, the tamed in the stocks. Above their heads were displayed the words "Verb Sap". Division after division passed, all were there, victor and vanquished, master and slave; from the haughty "Soph" to the humble "Frosh", in fact every species of the latter from the bottle to the all day sucker stage.

The streets were thronged with eager onlookers as the pyjama clad figures moved on. Here a Chinaman glowed at the thought of a lordly laundry bill; there a barber and a milkman grinned at one another. In fact the heart of every tradesman throbbed with joy. Whispered words of Varsity initiations were heard on all sides and ever and anon some elderly gentleman was heard remark "I've been through the mill myself."

Headed by the Owl, the procession wended its way up Jasper to 102nd Street, thence by way of 100th Avenue, to that noble pile, the Macdonald. Again, it reached Jasper, and then, like the navy that went to Spain, the parade marched home again, leaving to former years, the glory of feats performed at First and Jasper.

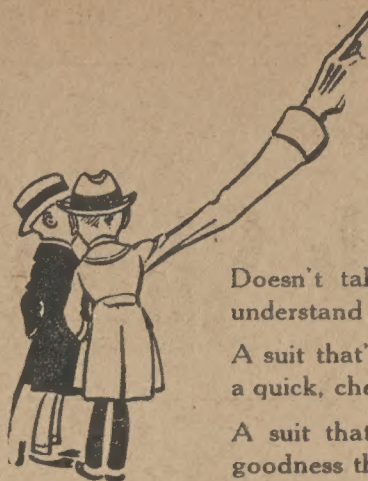
As the sun was sinking, back upon the breeze floated the strains of "We're here because . . ." and they surely were.

Sophomore: "A dog barked at me the other day, but stopped when I looked him in the eye. Do you suppose he noticed my presence of mind, Professor?"

Prof: "Possibly so, they say animals often see things that human beings cannot."

—(Furman Hornet)

Generally speaking, women are generally speaking.



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HOT STUFF

A Med student with whom we fell into step going to lectures, got this off his chest before we could get out of his reach. It's not up to the usual line you get from a Med but still it ought to start something and that is what we are here for.

"In the last issue of the Gateway there was a long-winded complaint from one Parry Green complaining of the horrors of initiation.

From the tone of his letter, I would surmise that he is a disciple of Trotsky's and should be dealt with accordingly. His attack upon the Med students was a very unfair one. While admitting we have some stupid members amongst the Meds they were not the ones who took part in the initiation and then again there are a few amongst us who are almost human and who can pass in society any place outside of the city. We also have members amongst us who have promise of becoming great orators. Our Alex shines now in after dinner speeches about sweet nothings and as jazz hounds we are unsurpassed. Just take our Jack, Sonny, and he who lies on a bed of pain; they are second to none at the terpsichorean art. We also have entries in most of the events for the track meet. Our Bob T. expects to knock 'em cuckoo in the running events and if it wasn't for the Meds the rugby team would be almost useless, and take our president, there is nothing stupid looking about him. We also have a budding journalist whose writings are as thrilling as a cook book and Rex swings a mean golf club. Gordon has a Gord car and Slim and Rut have their own company. Red is a champion of the oppressed and as an optimist would make a great blacksmith. Hibbard and Burman are aspiring to the heads of tables to educate the ignorant Freshmen in table etiquette. And Chadsby is always first at the piano after meals. Menzies is indefatigable in his pursuit of bacteria and Graham is famous for his conquests in hearts.

I am just pointing out these few instances to refute Mr. Parry Green's insinuation as to the stupidity of Med students.

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THE FIELD DAY

It is the good fortune and great privilege of the University of Alberta to be hosts this week-end to the track teams of the Universities of Saskatchewan and Manitoba. With genuine warmth we greet the representatives of our sister colleges, hoping they will derive from their visit a pleasure commensurate to ours. Many of the personnel of the visiting teams are widely known amongst us and respected as opponents of a formidable rank—sportsmen of a rare order. Their arrival has been the occasion for intense gratification. Their departure will be the signal for sincere regrets.

But the game is more than the player. Behind this track meet lies a deeper significance. Canadian athletics at this time shows an undeniable desire to gravitate to professionalism. In itself professionalism may be above censure, but skulking in the shadow of the paid athlete lurks the scarlet amateur. Sport is unable to flourish while this parasite casts his blight over the amateur field. All branches of athletics have suffered at the hands of the veiled professional.

The stronghold of clean amateur sport must be the universities of Canada. Last year, the Allan Trophy, emblematic of highest hockey honors, was captured by the only strictly amateur team in Canada. The University of Toronto hockey club has pointed out the heights to which we may aspire. Under intelligent guidance, there will be no boundary lines to confine Canadian amateurism.

The Western Inter-Collegiate Track Meet fosters this ambitious spirit. It denotes the reaction to professionalism.

The University of Alberta welcomes this field day as an indication of the proper motives by which all sport should be actuated. We are proud to receive the contestants—all athletes, scholars, gentlemen.

PRODUCE

You remember that often-quoted passage in Carlyle's Sartor Resartus? "I too could now say to myself: Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even Worldkin. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesi-

mal fraction of a Product, produce it, in God's name!"

It struck me the other day that Carlyle, had he lived in these times and in this corner of the world, might possibly have been kind enough to lend these words to the editor for use on the incipient contributors to The Gateway. For most of the students are incipient contributors, did they but know it. You can't help having certain personal reactions from the life around you: Granted? Then let the rest of us share in enjoying these. "Great Caesar's Ghost!" you say. "I've never written anything for publication in my life. I'd make a frightful mess of it." Humph! That's just what a duckling says before his first twim. Lend The Gateway your personality. Produce! And don't try it on either the dog or the waste-paper basket. Try it on the editor.

THE CASSEROLE

Imagine the anguish of this colyum when it heard itself called by such an unspeakable name as "Casseroles."

A specialist in kitchen economy defines Casserole as a receptacle for the ingredients of hash. Which verifies observations of six years of undergraduate life, that hash is not made—it accumulates.

"An Eskimo trader at Manitoba has just bartered four wives for a pound of tea and some tobacco," so says Punch. Wonder will the igloo gang bring their harem to the track meet?

When the Hot, Hot Air Do Blow
Jewett—"What were you doing this summer, Jacky?"
Marshall—"Me? I was running a ranch. What were you doing?"
Jewett—"Huh! I built a railroad."

Some Things You Hear Every Day
"Yeh, I did the hundred in 10.5 and jumped the running broad for 22 ft. 11, and tied for first in the—etc., etc."

"I haven't missed breakfast for two weeks."

"I walk across the bridge to classes every morning. Beaucoup fine for the appetite."

"If he comes butting in here, I'll tell him where he gets off at."

"Ain't we got fun"—on a whistle.

Alex—"Say, Bright, did I ever tell you that I came from Leduc?"
Nettled Frosh—"No, I guessed it."

Some Things that Won't Get You Anywhere

(With apologies to As You Like It)
Arguing with the adviser to women students about taking Mabel to the Tuck.

Arguing with the adviser to women students.

Arguing with any adviser.

Arguing.

"Who said 'Go West, young man, go, West?'"

"Some nut down East."

Page Mother Seigel for Some
Soothing Syrup

Dear Casserole,

I'd like you to render my very heartiest disgust to that hick editor of yours. A paper that can't talk

about anything about stew-kettles and assistant registrars and all that rot ain't got my support. Cancel my subscription immejutely.

Yours agin it,
Forlorne Good.

When Rose
Blows
Her nose
With her clothes
Her hose
Shows.

Mister Robert Lamb dropped into our office with this sad tale:

Bob says: "I've always been a sort of a crank on physical culture, calisthenics, eugenics and other things of that ilk. Yep, I've always looked after myself physically. In the army when the officers were taking their "Double O" or "G. and W.", I took P.T. or B.F."

Upon my return to this noble pile I completed the compulsory two years physical education and felt I had attained my full growth. In fact, I thought I had complied with every tenet of C. E. Race, Bernar McFadden and John Knox.

But today, I received notice from the Registrar to report for another course in physical training. All I want to know is: have I got both feet in the hearse or am I down in the books as an honor student in Physical Education.

WHAT WE HAVE TO STAND FOR

Dear Mr. Editor:—

If you can spare two columns for the childish complaints of Parry Green, re initiation, perhaps you can spare a little space to some of the indignities which we Freshettes were subjected to and especially so, since the Freshmen were paraded over town and all the people saw them and sympathized with them and were sorry for them so that they did not remember to sympathize with us and be sorry for us.

And even more so because our treatment was worse than the Freshmen received, because we suffered more and I suppose it is too, because upon leaving home to attend my Alma Mater, my sister who knows all about college pranks—she attended Alberta College for a whole year—told me to be friendly to all the older girls and they might not initiate me and I did that and told the other girls who did also but all to no avail, which as I said before came as a severe shock to us and made our plight all the worse.

For we younger girls used to listen to the older ones and laugh at all the silly things they said and our reward was two of us younger girls were taken forcibly and carried and thrown into a bath tub just brimming with water and with all their clothes on too which came as a distinct shock to those of us who were thrown into the water and also to those of us who only heard the agony of it all.

After this episode they had cards printed with a lot of regulations which we, Freshettes, were told to study so as we could abide by them and it said on the regulations that we were forced to wear hair drawn back tight over our heads, and our ears escaped and if you could see

some of the girls' ears you would realize why they cover them with their hair, and I know why the senior girls made us do it because we have heard that our class is the nicest class of girls which has ever come up to this university which to me sounds perfectly reasonable but it also sounds perfectly horrible to the older girls who are not above green envy.

This order about wearing your

ears exposed also necessitated more work in the morning as we have to be more particular about them and above them so that many of the girls would quite often be late for our breakfasts where we would start the day of with our green bibs just as though we were infants or quite young babies or even worse but to some of the younger freshettes this came natural as they had just stopped out wearing them when they came up to Varsity but of course I am older than they are.

Another of these extremely foolish orders was that we were forced to wear hoisery which didn't match as to color effects and a green ribbon around our left ankles which left us exposed to the ridicule and sarcasm of the male members of the student body, among whom the Freshmen we did not deign to notice for they are just fresh and as such cannot be considered as men but to hear the titterings and sly and silly chuckles of the older students and to see them regarding our stockings—why some of them would even turn right around to gaze and presumably to look at the green ribbon after we had just passed them by—was very humiliating, particularly when the mode this year is as you know, for all women, to wear shorter skirts than they would otherwise think or dream of wearing.

We were then given a reception by the Wauneitas at which reception they barely gave us enough for our inner woman after which we returned to our room to find them a shamble or as my brother who is very brave, which is a family trait, and who served his king and his country would say if he were to see my room it looks like the battalion orderly room which may be so for although I wanted to be a V.A.D. or a Florence Nightingale or do my bit for my King and country my father said no which meant I could not go so I do not know if my room looked like a battalion orderly room or not but it looked worse to me for immediately when we left our rooms to go to the reception a number of sly slinking Wauneitas had entered our rooms without permission or any right or anything but just a perfectly horrible desire to do something to us so they acted very kittenish and pulled all our stuff out and littered it on the floor.

After this atrocity was played on us we naturally heaved a sigh of relief for we felt our sad days were over and we would not be compelled to laugh at the silly things the sophomores said but no our catastrophes had just begun for in a few nights later we were ordered to put our midies on back to front and taken to Convocation Hall where we were set upon by some Wauneitas who fell upon us and made us the butt of many and ill-timed joke and jest.

Some of us girls had to roll peanuts around the floor with our noses which is easy enough for girls who have strong firm noses and are undoubtedly courageous because a strong firm nose means courage, but for others of us whom have been overlooked by nature and just given "recherche" noses (that is a word which our high school teacher said was French and meant a turned-up nose but he said it meant a nice nose as well).

Well as I was saying this was a

(Continued on Page 8)

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DID THEY? I'LL SAY THEY DID

Whole Student Body on the Job at Orpheum with a Program of Frisk and Frolic

Love, life, and laughter—at least the last two came into their own on Wednesday night at the Orpheum. No doubt, there was quite a bit of love sprinkled throughout audience, too, but that wasn't as much in evidence as the life and laughter.

Varsity was "out." Dull care, gloom, and worry and Cicero, coming at last into their own, were all carefully laid to rest in the waste basket. Necks washed, ears cleaned, and white collars on, the gang appeared before the stately portals of Earl Wolfe's emporium and demanded entrance. They got it! Mr. Wolfe himself did the honors in escorting the genial "Pip" Owen to the stage. And when Pip got there! Say, you stay-at-homes should have seen what he did. He just started out that old cane of his and begged everyone within sound of his voice to speak to him. We couldn't see any rafters in that old theatre, but if there weren't any there should have been, if for no other purpose than to ring and reverberate to what followed. Of course, there was a show on the stage as well, but that was nothing compared to the exhibition in the pit.

Edmonton may be the capital city of the province. It may be the jumping off point for fortune in the north. It may be a very fine city, taken all in all, but it is noted for none of these things. The citizens themselves admitted Wednesday night that Edmonton could boast of thing above all else. It was the home of the University.

How different this theatre night was from our last one. On that occasion we stepped out to the Pan-tages for the express purpose of proving to anyone who wished to pay admittance that one, Madame Zuleika was a snare and a delusion. We could have proved it to the city at large had we received a little co-operation from our estimable brothers-in-sin, The Journal and Bulletin. But in the struggle of Advertising Rates vs. The Cause the nays had it, so our good work went unheard and unsung—that is of the world at large.

But on this occasion, our cause, though no more just, was far more jovial. In a spirit of good fellowship and conviviality old Varsity turned out en masse, not only to hear the Orpheum players, but to greet them. Those players, made wary by many theatre nights in other climes, awaited their "calls" with some trepidation. They finished their "turns" to rounds of applause such as they have seldom received elsewhere. Varsity enjoyed the show and so did those paid to put the show on. Many onlookers, quiet folk, enjoyed both shows with a relish which overcame even the most jaded appetite. The editors of this highly moral journal have only one regret and that is that they too were unable to join "Pip" when he retired behind the scenes to watch the proceedings from both sides. But good old "Pip" earned his seat in the clouds, for it was owing to his unflagging efforts that the preparations came to such a successful climax. It was owing to his enthusiasm and leadership that such an air of jollification reigned throughout the theatre. It was owing to his old cane that the gang burst forth and nearly lifted the roof. And that's not all. A little diversion was offered after the first act

H. J. MACDONALD CAPTAINS' TEAM

(Continued from Page 1)

W. King—Mile and 3 mile. The lad who knows not when to stop.

W. Stothers—3 mile. He keeps King travelling a merry pace in this event.

Barber—440 and 1-2 mile. New to this stamping ground but going good.

George Young—Hurdles and High jump. 'Tis a pleasure to see this lad go over the bar.

W. M. Scarth—High jump and pole vault. A dark horse who looks good.

John Madill—Running broad jump.

Peterson—Weights and discuss.

D. J. McNeill—Hurdles. Showing good form but hampered by an injured leg.

J. Walker—440 and utility man.

George Parney and Alex Agnew, together with Hugh John MacDonald and Harold Ferguson will comprise the relay.

This is the team that will stack up against the U. of M. and the U. of S. tomorrow. Should Manitoba or Saskatchewan defeat them, all we can do is to start training for next year for if ever a team has worked hard to get into condition, it has been the track team of this year. And the one to whom all credit is due is Jack Buchanan, veteran trainer of Western Canada, and a real track enthusiast.

by a couple of Freshmen who leaped to the stage and begged of their audience a moment's attention. One of them, whose name, alas, must remain in obscurity because we don't know it, made a very clever speech. He thanked his benefactors for the gentlemanly way they had treated him. He spoke not only for himself, but on behalf of his class. He was grateful for the two-bit shampoo received gratis. He felt that as a result of the day's work he owed something to the world at large and next year's Freshmen class in particular. With an expression on his honest face which said "repay, repay" (he was doubtlessly raised in a God-fearing Methodist home) he called some of his classmates up from the audience. As a first instalment of their debt they sang. They sang well in fact—but a little long—a little too long. Their song would have been a huge success had it ended after the first verse, but it had liquor as its topic, and with such things it is hard to fix a limit. But, aside from the merits or demerits of the song, the Freshmen class showed itself to be full of pep and good sportsmanship by their action, and made themselves worthy of being students of this University when they rose and gave three sincere cheers for the Sophomores. In the vernacular of the Meds, they are a "live bunch" and have the fundamental qualities of sportsmanship which we need to establish the traditions of our good old Alma Mater.

A chap by the name of Bob Hall, he told us his name, for it was obviously impossible for him to pass his business cards through the audience, came on the stage near the end. We suppose he was an actor, for he told us a lot about himself and his friends on the bill. As a matter of fact, he composed "lyrics" while his patrons waited. At least he said he did. We don't know, because after all we haven't graduated yet and aren't taking English this year, anyway. His metre and feet and so on, were an innovation and might well be investigated by one Department. Shades of Milton! Can any of



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our readers rhyme Chevrolet with University? Those who were there and heard him do it won't be allowed to compete.

After the show there was a snake dance. And when we say "snake dance" we mean the kind that makes a traffic cop's job superfluous. The only thing that moved along Jasper Ave. for some time was the crowd. One automobile tried it, both forwards and backwards, but couldn't budge an inch. Incidentally, there are several Greek restaurants whose proprietors can now speak a few words of English. At least they were well drilled in sentences of excellent construction, such as "Hello, hello, hello, hello, Oh—here we are, here we are, here we are again!" the type of student magnificent.

The moral to be taken from the day's combination of work and play—a moral good for all and sundry, is that Varsity doesn't step out often, but when it does it hits on all eight cylinders. Here's bumps.

TO THE ORPHEUM

The student body of the University of Alberta wish to take this opportunity of thanking the Orpheum players and Earl Wolfe, their local manager, for the courtesy extended on Wednesday night.

It is with expectancy that the students as a whole await another theatre night and with sincere appreciation that they extend a welcoming invitation to return to the people on the bill. With Mr. Wolfe they hope to become better acquainted during the coming winter. May that acquaintance always be as cordial as it promised on Initiation night.

1st inebriate on C.P.R.—"What'sh time?"

2nd inebriate—"Tuesday."

1st inebriate—"Thash where I get off."

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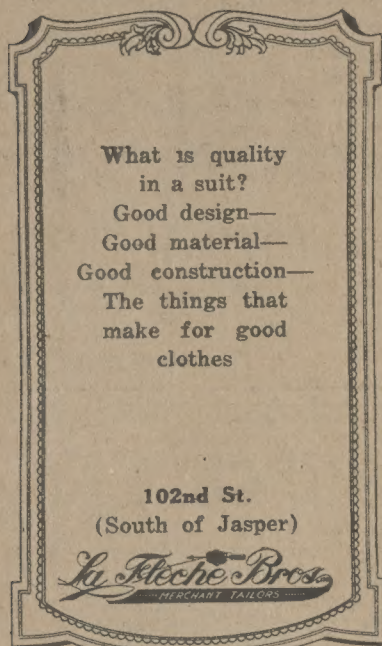
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RHODES SCHOLAR REPORTS TO U.O.F.A.

**MR. G. V. FERGUSON LANDS IN
"BLIGHTY" AND TAKES UP
WORK AT CHRIST CHURCH
OXFORD**

A letter has just come from the latest Rhodes Scholar to be sent from this university. Mr. G. V. Ferguson has arrived on the other side and at the time of writing was visiting in Glasgow. Concerning his journey he says in part:

"Travelling in the United Kingdom is little short of being impossible. For instance, I get off the Empress of France at Liverpool and go to the Customs where some minion of our Imperial Government runs through my baggage. I hail a porter who wheels my belongings to a cab. The cabbie grunts and sweats over getting the things up, and drives me to station where I give him his fare plus a tip. I then shout for another porter who takes the trunks off the cab. I tell him where I am going, buy my ticket, watching him stow my luggage in the proper luggage van. If I have to change during the journey, I must guard my belongings, finding porters, tipping them at every change. At my destination I re-enact the whole scene of Liverpool. In the absence of transfer companies I must devote personal attention to my trunks the whole time."

Aside from the above mentioned drawbacks, however, Mr. Ferguson is having a very enjoyable holiday in Scotland. He is by this time located at Christ Church, Oxford, and no doubt carrying on the same brilliant work he began in the University of Alberta.

UNIVERSITY SERVICE

On Sunday, Oct. 23rd the Rev. H. H. Bingham will address the congregation of the University religious service.

INTER FACULTY SOCCER LEAGUE

**MEDS WIN THEIR FIRST GAME
BY 4 GOALS TO NONE.**

The Meds made their bow to the Soccer fans on Monday, taking Science into camp by 4 clear goals.

Winning the toss, the Engineers chose to defend the south goal and Hawarth commenced the saw-bones attack. The Meds pressed hotly and Wilson scored with a beautiful shot after five minutes of play. A few minutes later Shippam ran through and scored the second.

Science braced and Gillan was tested several times, but some good goal keeping saved the Meds citadel. A little before half-time, Wilson and Level made a break away, Wilson sending in a hot shot. After some pretty play on the left wing, Stewart cleared, but Hawarth got the ball and it sped through the uprights like a bullet.

Playing against the wind seemed to invigorate the surveying crew and they made the Meds fight to keep their advantage, and it was a long time before the Prescription specialists could get their forward combination working. Shippam covered himself with glory by scoring a second goal towards the end of the game. The closing minutes were marked by a vigorous but futile assault on Gillan's charge.

Line-up and summary:

Meds.	Goal	Science.
Gillan	N. Stewart
	Backs	
Brinton	Stock
A. MacDonald	Glenn
	Halves	
O. Wilson	F. Stewart
Roseborough	MacMillan
Agnew	Edwards
	Forwards	
Shippam	Smith
Michie	Dingle
Haworth	Peddicord
Levey	Telford
A. Wilson	J. A. MacDonald
Goals: Shippam 2, Haworth, Wilson.		

ARTS, 3; SCIENCE, 0.

Inter Faculty Soccer made its debut when Arts and Science clashed in the first game of the season. Losing the toss, Science kicked off into the south goal. After some mid-field play, the Arts forwards made a raid towards the Engineers' goal but the Science halves repulsed the attack and the Arts backs were tested. Arts at length succeeded in forcing a corner, and Page headed through a nice centre from Clarke. This ended the scoring for the first half.

Arts kicked off and attacked hotly, the Engineers now beginning to show a lack of condition. After some lively play, mostly in their enemies territory, Arts scored again, Thompson taking a pass, beating the back

and giving the goalie no chance with his shot.

Soon afterwards Arts put the game on ice, a long shot from Heustis scoring the final goal of the game.

Arts are fortunate in having four of last year's Varsity team in their line up, Thompson, Page, McCabe, and Fisher, forming the nucleus of a combination that Science could not hold.

Line up and summary:

Score: Arts 3; Science 0.

Goals: Arts—Page, Thompson, Heustis.

Referee: A. Wilson.

Arts—Goal, Walker, Backs, McCabe, Heustis; Half-backs, Medill, Thompson, Conquest; Forwards, Fisher, Medill, Page, Kirk, Clarke.

Science—Goal, Rothwell; Backs, Peterson, Stock; Half-backs, N. Stewart, McMillan, Telford; Forwards, Dingle, Smith, Peddicord, F. Stewart, J. A. MacDonald.

ALBERTA COLLEGE

The strenuous time of initiation is passed. Already it is but a remembrance, and the minds of freshettes and freshies are full of tenderest recollections, yet how vivid were the impressions made. The afflictions of the tribe of the desert can scarcely be recorded here, though some of them carry with them visible signs of the good will of their fellow students. The process of being properly introduced to the mysteries and secrecies of a college life is anything but a "will-o'-the-wisp" and many tangible proofs could be obtained on applying to the freshmen class.

It was gratifying to the freshmen to find the ladies so interested in their welfare. They way they expressed their sympathy, and the restraint with which they suffered in silence has earned for them the gratitude of the sufferers.

There were many evidences that some of the freshmen had already achieved fame in various pursuits, and, judging from the nature of their interests, it is only to be expected that these versatile offenders will continue to progress along the lines in which they are so deeply interested.

Freshies new and freshettes too, come in grand succession, Eager and expectant view their classical procession, How resourceful are their minds they will learn tomorrow, Future joys of college life now drown initial sorrow.

The Literary Society of Alberta College held a reception on behalf of the freshmen on Friday evening last. The Assembly Hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion and a congenial atmosphere prevailed.

The students themselves attended in large numbers and a very pleasant evening was spent. Small parties engaged in a musical competition. Songs were rendered by Messrs. Allen and Johnson; a reading was given by Miss Elderkin, and a violin selection by Mr. Kallman, and some anecdotes by Mr. Bowen.

On behalf of the senior students and sophomores, Mr. Vilette, president of the Students' Council welcomed the freshmen and freshettes into the larger community of college life with its privileges and responsibilities. Mr. Dunn replied for the freshmen and succinctly and happily expressed their appreciation of the welcome tendered. On behalf of the Faculty, Prof. Jackson spoke of the joys of life in an institution like Alberta College, incidentally remarking that there were other aspects that needed cultivation.

Refreshments proved to be the usual attraction, interspersed with

well known songs. Those songs, together with the hum of interesting topics, were indicative of an evening of good fellowship and happiness. A continuance of these functions of the Literary Society are anticipated by one and all.

PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The lectures of the Philosophical Society enjoyed by a wide circle of the students last year, promise to be even more popular this session. Any information regarding the membership qualification will be gladly given by the executive committee.

The officers for the ensuing session are:

Hon. president, Professor H. H. Gatetz; president, Professor D. A. MacGibbon; secretary-treasurer, Associate Professor J. W. Campbell; executive committee, the president, secretary-treasurer, Assistant Professor M. H. Long, Mr. D. E. Cameron, Miss D. Garrison, Mr. W. R. West.

Members' meetings:—

2nd November: "The Hypothesis of the Sub-Conscious, Assistant Professor J. Macdonald.

30th November: "The Biological Aspect of Palaeontology, Mr. P. S. Warren.

4th January: "The Greek Epigram," Mr. W. G. Hardy.

1st February: "Fashions in Villains," Mrs. E. K. Broadus.

1st March: "The Psychology of Work," Mr. E. D. MacPhee.

5th April: "The Motivation of Public Service," Mr. H. S. Patton.

The members' meetings will be held on the above mentioned dates in Room 236 of the Arts and Sciences Building at 5 p.m. Tea will be served at 4.30 p.m. in Room 246.

Public Lectures:—

19th October: "Systematic Moral Education," Professor Forbes of the University of Rochester.

16th November: "Women in Men's Books," Professor R. K. Gordon.

14th December: "Edinburgh in the Latter Part of the Eighteenth Century," D. E. Cameron, M.A.

18th January: "Dante," Dean W. A. R. Kerr.

15th February: "Some Theories of Time and Space," Professor E. W. Sheldon.

15th March: "John Ruskin, Prophet and Reformer," Professor H. H. Gaetz.

The public lectures will be held on the above mentioned dates in Convocation Hall at 8.15 p.m.

Progress (1910)

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"No, sir! We're not introduced!" she said.

"Hey, kid! Where are you blowing today?"

"To dance, you boob! Now, don't get gay."

"May I hang on while you terpsichore?"

"Break in, get wise! Don't say any more!"

(McGill Daily).

Added Insult

Prof. of Sociology: "Miss B—, I don't mind you looking at your watch while I am lecturing, but I do wish you would not hold it to your ear all the time to find out if it has stopped."

—(Cornellian).

"Ohhhh! Lemuel, vot you tink? I vas arrested for speedink today."

"Vat for? Vy, you haf no car, haf you?"

"No, not dat, Speedink on the sidewalk."

(Lemon Punch).

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**FRESHETTES FORMALLY FREED
FROM FETTERS**

On the evening of Tuesday, October 11th, obeying the summons of the Big Chief and Braves of the Waunheita clan, about eighty trembling Freshettes appeared before their superiors. It is to be feared that few indeed of the respected parents of these young ladies would have recognized them with hair screwed back into four braids and middies on back to front. If, however, they were unrecognizable at the opening of ceremonies, how much more so were they at the close. For Venus herself could scarcely pass through that subterranean world of horrors and still retain the beauty and bloom of youth,—that is, if one can imagine Venus with her hair in four tight pigtailed! Suffice it to say, each Freshette emerged from these horrors with a smile illuminating a face far from beautiful in other ways.

In the Council Chamber of the Wise the Freshettes were made to see, and feel, the error of their ways, and were consigned to their punishments with due solemnity.

When all signs of "freshness" were at length considered to have disappeared, standing solemnly before the Big Chief, the new Waunheitas with right hands raised took the oath of allegiance to their tribe and swore to reveal none of the horrors they had been through.

After this solemn ceremony, came refreshments, soup and buns to take away the taste; and then the Freshettes went home to bed to dream of the elaborate manner in which they would arrange their hair next day, and the hot time they would give Class '26 when it made its first appearance.

What a joyful feeling to wake up next day, fling that atrocious green bib to the whistling wind, and sally forth to laugh with glee at the great white army making its way into the jaws of, shall we say, Avernus?—the wild man gnashing his teeth in bondage, and, in short, all the joys of initiation has for the newly initiated.

**A FRESHIE'S EXCITING
EXPERIENCE**

It is not very often that one has the privilege of writing something you are sure someone will read—at least part of it. And in order to further enhance the possibility of all of it being read, I am going to write of my most exciting experience.

Last year dad made up his mind that I was going to the University of Alberta, and "take" lectures. I arrived at the University, registered, and had taken at least four lectures when a fellow said I ought to turn out for rugby. No one told me about this rugby, so I asked the fellow if I had to take it. His reply was very forcible. All of it I did not understand. The little I did get told me I was "the size of a barn," "could stop a flock of elephants," and that they gave lectures on Rugby every afternoon, except Sunday, in the field just southwest of Pembina Hall. What that peculiarly marked field was for had puzzled me up to this time. As he was leaving he suddenly shot at me a question as to what size shoes I took. I told him my size, ten's. This must have been important. All he said was, "Ye Gods!"

The next afternoon I turned out. As a matter of fact, I did more turning that day than ever before. I was turned quite often—over, down, around, under—there was no turn I didn't get. When it came to doing something it was always my turn.

But, perhaps, I ought to tell you how things happened, in their chronological order. We kicked an aggravatingly shaped ball into the air and tried to catch it when it came down. It was rarely caught. When one did catch it, one or two would cheer him up by saying, "nice work." Then a fellow, with his arm all tied up, got us altogether in the centre of the field. He, they told me, was the coach. I always thought a coach had wheels, but I didn't mention this. He told those who had played before to "drop out." They didn't though, they gathered around each other and looked at us who had never played before. Then he wanted to know how much I weighed, and what games I had played—if any. When I told him I had won my home town championship in checkers he seemed surprised. But all he said was that I'd learn a lot of new moves, if I lived long enough. Next he asked us our names. He seemed to think my name, Dull, a funny one, or he didn't like it. Afterwards I heard him calling me "The Goof."

The next thing was passing the ball, standing still, then running up and down the field passing it. What he called falling on the ball was next. When I did fall on it I knocked my wind out and hurt my middles and the coach hauled me out. He said we weren't to fall on the ball, but around it. Believe me, I would rather fall around a feather bed than the hard ground.

Soon everything was stopped and a team was lined up. Numbers were shouted out and the men ran all over. I didn't know what was happening, and apparently no one else did. What

we were supposed to do was watch. This I did in amazement. Suddenly my name was called and I was put in at Inside Wing. It wasn't as flighty as its name. The play we were working on was a shift play. At least they called it that. And it was. It shifted me to the hospital. The coach told me to get my head down and hit the line. They later told me I did, and also mentioned that hitting the line doesn't mean hitting the line; it means to go through a hole in the line. I missed the hole.

This, is my young career, was my most exciting experience, and one, believe me, I have no desire to go through again. The man that said the following was right, that "Rugby is a man's game, but fools play it."

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

The Dramatic Society plans a lively program for the winter, and monthly meetings will be held the second Wednesday of each month, where papers prepared by students and different forms of drama will be read. The Union Dramatic Society encourages the co-operation of all faculties by forming players' clubs and each club presenting a play alternately.

A novel student vaudeville program will be given on Hollowe'en.

Recruiting for the Manitoba University contingent of the C. O. T. C. is in full swing, and target practice work is to be carried on at the St. Charles ranges every Saturday. MacLean and MacGill all figured prominently in the University Track Meet on October 6th, and it is expected that all these boys will be in Edmonton on the 21st to take part in the Inter-Varsity Track Meet.

The usual annual initiation was perpetrated on about eighty-five freshmen this year. A new policy suggested by a senior student failed to materialize, and most of the old tactics were resorted to. This year it would have been extremely easy for the freshmen to have overpowered their initiators, but it ended as usual with a good belaboring with the lath, coupled with a thorough dirtying, followed by a parade and then some doughnuts and apples. After the ceremonies were completed a parade made its way down town, holding up traffic for a considerable length of time. The end came with a visit to the Orpheum where the freshmen were marched across the stage.

McGILL

Sir Arthur Currie in an opening address in Convocation Hall delivered another stirring message to McGill and Canada. Sir Arthur steered McGill through the first year of a great reconstruction, and has lived up to his mighty concluding appeal of last year: "Let us keep faith with those who fell."

At the Freshmen-Sophomore Track Meet last Monday the Sophomores won the day by a good margin. The track was sodden and weather bad; consequently no new records were set. The outstanding performance of the day was that of Wiggins, a freshman, who won the three mile easily from Creelman of last year's team. The time for this event was 17 min. 15.2 sec.

At the Centennial Celebration this year the undergraduates are staging a "Fete de Nuit," where each department is giving a special representation of something connected with their work. Meds are presenting their sovereign King's Cook III; Law, the inimitable Si Whiffletree; Dents, a scene in a dental parlor, and Arts, a faculty meeting. A monster procession will take place immediately after the various acts are put on.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

The C. O. T. C. consists of three companies this year, Arts, Science and Medicine, and arrangements are being made for inter-company games and the selection of a team to represent the Corps in winter athletics.

At the initial meeting of the C.O. T.C. band, Major Madill pointed out that attendance at band practices would be accepted instead of compulsory physical training.

It is expected that the services of Captain J. Slatter, Bandmaster of the 48th Highlanders, will soon be secured.

Joie Roy, the best mile runner in the world today, ran one mile on exhibition at the Inter-faculty Track and Field Meet.

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Incidentally there is a fine of \$5.00 for violating the privacy of those colors—if a complaint is laid. It isn't imposed often because after all your imposition is done under the name of friendship.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Editor:—

Will you kindly allow me space in your paper to bring to the attention of some of the students in Athabasca the fact that there are other students in residence who do wish to work and the vain parrottings of some of the birds who gather every night to tell each other of the conquests of the night before are very annoying and if the practice does not cease forthwith the matter will be taken up with the house committee.

—Constant Reader—and Worker.

Editor, The Gateway:—

I should like to point out to some of the newcomers here who are in the habit of breaking through the line and crowding up to the Post Office window for their mail, that such conduct is hardly to be expected of University students.

It has been customary in the past for those who desire mail to "line-up" in front of the Post Office and await their turn.

A word to Frosh: "When in Rome do as Romans do."

—AUTOLYCUS.

A Fresh went to Hades once,

A few things to learn;

Old Satan sent him back again,

He was too green to burn.

—(Purple and White)

Absent-minded professor (to son on street after another deep lecture):

"Hello, George, how's your father today?"

Being a freshman is just like getting married. The first thirty weeks are the hardest.

(McGill Daily).

A student remarked yesterday that if it were not for his studies he would not have much to do these days.

(Daily Iowan)

A RENDEZVOUS

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WHAT WE HAVE TO STAND FOR

(Continued from Page 4)

simple task for those who were gifted with noses of large proportions but for some of us it was just next door to the impossible as our chins were in the way and the Wauneitas behaved with unbelievable cruelty and would not accept our chins as fair tho asked to count chins, but made us roll those tiny peanuts with our tiny noses.

And then we were treated to some of the most perfectly awful horrible odors and vile-tasting medicine you have ever smelt or tasted or both and then to crown the climax of the evening our hair was simply plastered with vaseline.

The individuals who administered the vaseline seemed to take great pains with it for they simply soaked our hair in vaseline after which outrage which is beyond all belief they marched us to the chief of the Wauneita tribe whom we decided was suffering from too much conceit or megalomania as one of our class calls it for she was a school teacher this summer and knows what a swelled head is and to the big chief we were required to swear our love and fidelity and courtesy and oath of allegiance which we think is quite useless and superfluous for by our accident of birth we are members of this tribe when registered at the University for all the girls are members of this tribe.

Now, Mr. Parry Green cries for justice for the Freshmen, but we don't care for justice just as long

C. O. T. C. RIFLE TEAM

Re-organization of the Rifle Club under the C.O.T.C. is held in abeyance until word is received from John Sillak who managed the team last winter.

Last season's record is a hard luck story of adverse circumstances, just one thing after another. Handicapped by the late start of the C.O.T.C., the rifle team went out to shoot without practice, without ammunition and without even rifles. Rifles were borrowed from the units against whom we had to compete, and the collection of scrap-iron sometimes loaned to us was not conducive to success. It is significant that most of our victories, some of them against the leaders in the competition, came at the end of the season when the team was equipped, as it should have been at the beginning with new rifles and a plentiful supply of ammunition, made regular practices possible.

At the end of the year J. Sillak got away with the gold medal offered by Major Killam to members of the rifle team for the highest score in a three target shoot. The silver medal fell into the hands of H. K. Allison, who lost out on the first place by the odd point.

During the summer the C.O.T.C. was represented at the Calgary Provincial Military Shoot by J. Sillak, who gained the distinction of being selected for the Provincial Rifle Team in the Ottawa competition this fall.

Several of last year's rifle team remain to form a nucleus for this winter, but it is pointed out that the qualifying practices—to be announced shortly—are open to all members of the C.O.T.C., and places on the team go to the ten best marksmen.

ATHLETIC MEETING

A meeting was held in 142 Arts Monday evening for the purpose of filling some vacant positions in the Athletic Association.

Dr. MacEachran was elected Honorary President for this term and we are assured of a keen supporter.

Ellie Butchart was elected to the presidency of the basketball club. Knowing Ellie as we do, there can be no fear for that department.

He has a capable secretary in the election of Dunkley who has proved himself a real live wire.

A. W. Kemp was elected to the post of Secretary of the Hockey Club and along with President "Red" McColl should be able to handle another championship team.

The meeting was then adjourned after a slight discussion re the reception to the Toba and Saskatchewan track teams, it being decided that this matter would be settled by the athletic executive.

as the reading public are fully aware of the shame and indignation and sorrow we have felt at the hands of the sophomores and Wauneitas and older girls.

Yours respectively,
I. M. Young (Miss).

VARSITY LOSES TO BRONK SQUAD

(Continued from Page 1)

and was responsible for three touches. Fife and McColl showed tackling instincts to be proud of.

The Bronks have decidedly increased their stability as a team since Wark has taken over, and the addition of considerable new material when conditioned, will put up a formidable front for the next counter. Had Varsity engineered a bucking attack earlier in the game, the effect would most certainly have been manifest in a tighter game, if not a reversal in the score.

The teams lined up as follows:

Calgary	Varsity
McTeer	Palmer
Riley	Simmons
Wylie	Fletcher
Mattern	Lamb
Clark	McAllister
Crossley	McColl
Large	Crawford
Mouat	Lehmann
Adamson	Selnes
Spiers	Bowes
Tubman	Fife
Williams	Cassels
Wolfe	Harrison
Loucks	Wintemute
Beatty	McDonald

Referee, Joe Price.

REFLECTIONS OF THE SAGE

The Bookworm was teasing the White Haired Boy about a necktie of somewhat brilliant hue in which he had appeared at the table. The Sophomore had likewise made cryptic remarks about young men who did not know the value of a modest taste in neckwear. That, of course, was to be expected, but the Bookworm's raillery was distasteful to me in as much as I had the pleasure of cutting that young gentleman's hair in his own freshman year. I loudly referred to this episode, and two unregenerate Engineers who sit side by side and share very low taste in common, guffawed loudly. The Bookworm collapsed, muttering peevishly. He came to me afterwards and asked me how the tone of student life was to be kept up if a Junior was made the butt of the table. The Bookworm makes me rather tired, and I told him so. The tone of student life, as he calls it, and his own dignity are inseparable. He takes no part in student life, living to himself in splendid isolation. He is called a brilliant student by the Faculty, and feels it keenly. He wears a celluloid collar and a red tie which he considers to be defying the conventions. He sometimes discourages disparagingly of marriage, but would never pluck up nerve enough to kiss a girl—even if she asked him.

Speaking of neckties, the White Haired Boy came in to supper wearing a narrow black string tie. His head had been shaved. Curiously enough the Sophomore smelled of tar, while a complacent smile played round what he loves to call his thin, cynical lips.

N. H. YOUNG, Diamond Merchant

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"VARSITY STUDENTS' JEWELRY HEADQUARTERS"